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THE SEGO LILY SONG.

[AIR:—"Tell Me With Your Eyes."]

When the snow has melted
On hillside and in dale,
Peeps from earth in modest birth,
The lily of the vale:
Like a gentle spirit
Opening mortal eyes,
Sent below to realms of woe,
From mansions in the skies.

Chorus

Modest Segó Lily,
Flower of Deseret,
Delicate and graceful
As mortal ever met;
Beautiful, yet fragile
And tender thou dost seem,
As a sainted mother's kiss
In her darling's dream.

Sweetest little floweret
Growing all alone;
Tell me, truly tell me
Why hast thou come?
Dost thou teach the lesson
Our spirits to refine,—
To count as dross, whate'er is gross
That mind and heart may shine?

I love thee, little posy;
As bread thou didst relieve,
In time of need the hungry feed
Nor for thy life did grieve.
A famine for the beautiful
Is on the land e'en now;
Again be true, thy mission through,
A voice of God art thou.

—N. L. N.

A SCHOOL-ROOM TRIAL.

The teacher's face was serious, and the eyes of sixty little children followed and studied her troubled expression.

"Boys and girls," she began, "I had planned an afternoon of splendid employment for you, but there is a little matter of business which must be attended to first. You know, when a citizen does anything to create disturbance, the law provides that he must be tried, and if found guilty, punished. Now, there is some one in our little school-room city who, it appears, has broken our peace. Do you not think he should be treated like the citizen?"

There was a general nod of assent, and here and there suspicious glances were directed toward young Rowher's seat. The instructor proceeded. "Well, we will give this offender a fair chance.

First, we must resolve ourselves into a judicial district;"—they had been previously made acquainted with this term,—“you may vote by the hand to elect a judge before whom your school-mate, Dolph Rowher, shall be tried for misbehavior.”

The remark was something of a venture on the part of the teacher. Her knowledge of the culprit's temperament and home training filled her with apprehension that any severe action on her part might be the cause of his leaving school. And notwithstanding she had been advised by higher authority “to put up with no nonsense,” but “suspend the rascal,”—she knew that he was just the boy who needed the discipline of the school. Having thus put the matter into the hands of the school, she stole a glance at the notorious Dolph and was gratified to see the head of the incorrigible bowed in rather sullen humility.

“Whom will you have for judge?”

There was a perfect rush of hands, though until now it had been difficult to tell just how they would be suited with this departure from ordinary school discipline.

“Well?” to the wise and influential Ephriam. Thus encouraged, a small boy with bright eyes called out in a decided voice, “Eugene —.”

His nomination was sustained by all hands,—a proof of the sagacity of children. Eugene was studious, never mischievous, yet popular on the play-ground.

Eager hands and enthusiastic voices very quickly selected the jury. The case began with little Emma K——'s taking the witness stand.

Teacher.—“Tell what you know of this case.”

The child in the most serious tones began: “After we were all in our places this morning, Miss — (the teacher) still standing in the hall, Dolph stepped to the front and began to dance a jig.” Eva, Fanny, George, Scott, and Grace each told a similar story. Angus was then called.

Teacher.—“Did you see Dolph dance the jig?”

Angus.—“Yes, ma'am.”

Teacher.—“Did you hear me call him to me and request him to study in an adjoining apartment?”

Angus.—“Yes, ma'am; and I saw Dolph take his books into the small room, and I heard you tell him to remain there until you called him.”

The next witness was the water carrier, who testified that as he was coming in with water before recess, he saw Dolph go out by another door.

John, who had been absent that morning, told that he saw Dolph leave the school grounds at a rapid gait.

The prosecuting attorney, who was no other than the teacher, at this point read from the Rules and Regulations made by the Board of Education: "No pupil shall leave the school grounds during school hours without permission of the teacher," etc.

Then turning to the jury she said quietly: "Dolph Rowher is accused of a misdemeanor for which he shirked punishment and ran away from school. The jury may retire into the hall."

Twelve serious-faced boys and girls,—for the women had their franchise,—walked gravely out of the room. At the end of six minutes twelve honest children filed back into their places.

The report was called for. Amid breathless silence a timid little girl arose and in a sweet voice said: "We found him guilty, and we recommend him to the mercy of the court."

The judge requested time for reflection, and in the meantime lessons were resumed. Just before the gong sounded for recess, Eugene arose and declared, "Miss S——, I am prepared to pronounce the sentence."

"Well?"

"Dolph Rowher must remain in at recess from now until the end of this term."

There was a general "Oh!" which subsided as the gong sounded and the children passed out, looking back over their shoulders; but Dolph did not raise his head.

And now, though the teacher often leaves the room at recess, Master R — never as much as stirs from his seat, except, perhaps to open the door for her when she comes in, and to offer other little kindnesses in the humblest manner possible. What the ultimate effects of this little incident will be upon the boy remains to be seen; the immediate effects are gratifying. Nor have they been less salutary upon the school as a whole. I. C.

[NOTE.—The above story recites an actual occurrence in a school room of this city. At our request the teacher, who desires to be nameless, wrote out the above clear and condensed statement of the incident. It will bear a careful study from a psychological point of view. —ED.]

THINKING VS. THOUGHT-GATHERING.*

II.

HOW ONE MAY LEARN TO THINK IN THE LIBRARY.

I have just finished a chapter which attempts to illustrate the kind of mind-employment that the common laborer may have every day, if he will but set the wheels of thought going. This was the very school in which Robert Burns gained some of his sublimest thoughts. For instance, what was there marvelous in plowing up a mountain daisy or unnesting a mouse from the stubble? To ten thousand plowboys such an occurrence would be of less significance than overturning an unusually large clod. But the rustic poet of Scotland saw in it perfect revelations of thought and feeling. Read his poems entitled respectively, "To a Mountain Daisy," and "To a Mouse," if you would know how much little things and little events may do towards forming and vitalizing our mind-powers. The thinker can never be alone if he but have a spear of grass or a pebble for company.

But let us learn this same lesson also from another point of view. When your evening chores are done, take your chair in the library. Select some book, -- let it be a thoughtful, that is, a full-of-thought book, -- and begin the thinking habit by inserting *how* and *why* question marks after every important word and phrase. Curb that American propensity to get over ground. Suppose you finish but one page by bed-time. Nay, do not cast an impatient eye upon the volumes yet unread in your library. One page an hour is splendid progress, especially if the thought has been made your own: if it has become so truly a part of your soul-fibre as to lose all trace of its origin. The pleasure of conscious growth and possession will more than compensate for the loss of the accustomed exhilaration obtained from race-horse skimming. I am constrained to attempt an illustration of how thought-activity may be stirred by the manner of the reading. Suppose the selection be the following from Holmes:

"I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over

*Chapters from a work on "Preaching and How to Preach," now preparing by N. L. Nelson.

again, even to her bones and marrow. Proud she may be, in the sense of respecting herself; but pride, in the sense of condemning others less gifted than herself, deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman's Inferno, where the punishments are smallpox and bankruptcy. She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the tip of an icicle, to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood, but of bad blood. Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in a proper measure to all; but, if a woman puts on airs with her equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be. Better too few words from the woman we love, than too many; while she is silent, nature is working for her; while she talks she is working for herself. Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men; therefore they may speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold."

"Some books," says Bacon, "are to be tasted, some to be swallowed, and some to be chewed and digested." It is the last kind which our Elders should read for the most part, for these only teach how to think. I have chosen the above extract to illustrate my idea of what is meant by reading matter that is to be chewed and digested. If one would really enjoy the full flavor of such books, he must linger over them, analyze every conceit, develop every hint, image every figure, follow every suggestion to its lair, and disagree with conclusions generally till every doubt is vanquished. Let me try to convey some faint idea of the process.

"*Woman as true as death*,"—why not man also? Surely there is greater need in his case. Or does the author wish to insinuate that it is more unnatural for women to be untrue,—that the gentler sex have the reputation of angels to maintain,—unspotted angels? That reminds me that the Bible speaks frequently of sons of perdition, but never of daughters of perdition. Of the angels that fell, none were women. They stood the supreme test in heaven,—they ought not to fall here.

"*True as death*,"—did you ever hear of such a comparison before? Woman and death! Death is pretty true to his professions. I am inclined to agree that it would be good for woman to be equally true to hers. This would still give her a great deal of play to indulge those delightful uncertainties, which make a crabbed old bachelor here and there classify her with March weather and the moon; for death, though inexorably true, plays us many a prank before he finally stops our breath.

"At the first *real* lie,"—then lies may be classified?—as for instance, untruths and falsehoods; fibs, fables, and "whoppers"; bluffs and personal reminiscences; white lies and black. But what is a real lie in the case of a woman? Not the petty deceptions of toilet, not her gossiping proclivities, not the wiles and snares she lays for man, not even the kiss she gives to woman.

What then? It is the lie "which *works*,"—smallpox-like—"from the *heart*,"—not the head,—"*outward*." Here is the key to his thought. The lie is real when it involves the heart,—when this spring of purity and holiness, heaven's fountain to thirsty mankind, has been polluted for gold or fashion or power. When this has happened "she should be *tenderly* chloroformed,"—woman should always be treated gently,—"*into a better world*,"—always a better world. She improves by sunshine, never by storms,—"*where she can have an angel for a governess*,"—one of her primeval sisters, one of the shining hosts,—"*and feed on strange fruits*,"—from the tree of life which the Cherubim guarded with flaming swords,—"*that shall make her all over again even to her bones and marrow*." That would take seven years according to physiology. Yes, I am convinced the world could spare some of its women for that length of time, especially in view of such a purpose.

"Proud she may be in the sense of respecting herself"—what a blessed pride is that! Self-respect—whoever looses this is lost indeed, even though wealth and station and fame take its place; but whoever maintains it inviolate may look angels in the face, and sleep the sleep of a child, though friends desert him and fortune frowns—"but pride in the sense of contemning others less gifted than herself"—less holy, less rich, less fashionable, or less beautiful, or whom she imagines to be so—for pride of this sort is apt to be associated with little judgment and much personal vanity—"deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman's Inferno."

What does he mean—vulgar woman's Inferno? Oh, yes, I remember, the allusion is to Dante's Inferno, a kind of ghastly circular chasm with galleries from top to bottom, the punishment of the damned increasing in horror as you go down. At the end of this "bottomless pit" near the centre of the earth is Dis or Satan, huge as a mountain, frozen to the armpits in everlasting ice, the traitor holding Judas between his teeth and crunching bones, whenever the pains of hell rack his own huge frame. So, the vulgar woman's Inferno is a private establishment of this kind, in the two lowest circles of which, "the

punishments are *Small-pox* and *Bankruptcy*! Ideal punishments, these. Small-pox! yes, that would fix her vanity, and bankruptcy would as effectually take the wind out of her false pride.

"She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy as one breaks the tip of an icicle"—he alludes to the cold, stiff movement that passes for a bow—"comes not only of *low* blood but *bad* blood." What is the distinction? Let me see. Low blood produces coarseness—dough-like features, towzy hair, low aspirations, animal propensities, and a laugh that cracks glassware. Nevertheless such people may be roughly honest: their moral nature, if it is not the most refined, is at least not honeycombed by deceit nor rottened by gilded vices. But bad blood is all the last and more. Yet bad blood may produce the highest and most refined types in outward seeming. When this is the case the villainies it hatches pass for strokes of genius. It is when bad blood and low blood are joined that we have monsters among men—and "brittle courtesies" among women.

"Better too few words from the woman we love than too many. [How true!] While she is silent *Nature* is working for her; while she *talks*, she is working for herself." And what a spectacle it is, to see woman thus "working for herself"—working, one is almost tempted to say, with tongue, tooth, and claw! A volley of words from a woman's mouth are like a charge of bird shot from an old-fashioned blunder-buss: there is tremendous noise, and everything is bespattered within fifty yards of the mark. When woman thus begins "working for herself," the angel in her retires, behind the atmosphere, as by a dissolving view, and only the devilish, harsh-faced vixen remains. No wonder she must then work for herself!

Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men." After one is wearied to death by the hackneyed images of ordinary writers, it is refreshing to light upon such a metaphor as this. Love has been figured as anything and everything, and now it is tested in the laboratory; to determine, forsooth, whether it is *soluble*—capable of being dissolved like sugar or salt! But the words of men, so our author asserts, will absorb scarcely enough of the precious chemical, to give them a coloring,—“hence they speak much of it”—that is, make up in quantity what their love-making lacks in quality. “But one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than man's heart can hold.” Woman should therefore take care to dilute it well and to give in broken doses, lest man's digestive power be overtaxed

and there be a serious overflow of bile. This is no satire: sentimental nausea is extremely common in the sterner sex.

THE MEANING OF APPERCEPTION, AND HOW TO APPERCEIVE.

Throughout this book I have very frequently used the terms *apperceive* and *apperception*. The words are so significant in psychological processes, that I doubt very much whether the reader has been able to get from the dictionary anything like adequate definitions. I have waited for some corner to turn up in this discussion where I might, without violating unity, devote a few paragraphs to their meaning and importance, and now the opportunity has come.

The reader will doubtless be quite familiar with *perceive* and *perception*. I only wish to caution him against narrowing their meaning to the work of the eye alone. To perceive is to receive a *definite* impression through any of the senses. It may perhaps signify more than this to a psychologist, but for my purpose this definition is sufficient.

Now, dropping one of the terms,—since they mean the same thing save that one is a verb, the other a noun—what is *apperception*? Simply ad-preception, the *d* having been softened to *p* for the sake of euphony. Ad-perception signifies a perception to which something has been added.

This something is really in the nature of a second perception. You have heard the expression “going in at one ear and out at the other.” This exactly describes a preception that has failed to become an apperception. Our senses,—seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling—are so many distinct avenues from the outer world to the inner, or the soul. Now conceive each of these entrances to have an ante-room or lobby. It is here that *perceptions* come. When they pass the inner door we call them *apperceptions*. The inner room is the holy of holies—the sanctuary of the God within us. Thoughts entertained here become part of our existence and are never forgotten; but those received in the lobby pass quickly on or melt away into the darkness of non-being as lightly almost as they came.

Test yourselves. You have just returned from a walk in the city. What lingers on your mind? Your eyes saw a thousand things, from the pebbles beneath your feet through all the range of being to church steeples and in cloud-mountains the blue of